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"What fools these Mortals be!"

Puck

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OYAMA — THE REAL PEACEMAKER.



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

GENERAL MILES will no doubt rejoice at his old chum's return to the Cabinet.

THERE IS not in my cabinet one man who does not have to give up something substantial in order that he may continue to serve the nation.—President Roosevelt.
But they are not obliged, we trust, to "give up" in the Tammany sense.

WITH ROOT returned to the Cabinet and Dill on the Jersey bench, there is an opening or two in downtown New York for a bright young corporation lawyer.

ORDERS HAVE gone out from Washington that army and navy officers must not seek promotion except on their records. The Wood method, apparently, is not for general use.

"WE MUST not make a scarecrow of the law," quoth the learned bench of Kansas. In the meantime, the Oil, Beef and sundry other trusts make a monkey of it. Which is worse?

CHICAGO'S PRESENT computed population is 2,272,700. This does not include the 1,639,420 manufacturers who have "moved away on account of the labor troubles."

NOW THAT another man has started for the Isthmus, it remains to be seen whether the price of prime Panama engineers, f. o. b. New York, will linger at \$60,000, or gently soar.

STANLEY HALL, President of Clark University, opposes such works as "Alice in Wonderland" on the ground that they do not make for the "moral improvement" of the young. Can it be that Lewis Carroll is a chauffeur on the downward path?

PORTLAND, ME., is another one of those towns which desires the Peace Envoys. If the demand continues, it will be advisable to put the envoys on a vaudeville circuit, billing them of course as a male quartet.

IT WOULD be a fearful thing if the Norwegian army and the Swedish navy should meet in battle array.

REALLY, MR. BURBANK, there is no demand for cobless corn. Why not devote your energies to getting the seeds out of the watermelon.

THE FREQUENCY and suddenness of St. Petersburg strikes would indicate the presence, somewhere on the grounds, of an able Sam Parkski.

MR. SHONTS has n't developed any speed madness in the canal zone, but he managed to get himself arrested for breaking the speed law of Connecticut. There is no red tape on his auto.

ALAS FOR the picturesque! Motor boats are succeeding gondolas on the canals of dreamy Venice. Well may the Campanile fall again from mere shock, and as for the Bridge of Sighs, it is destined inevitably, we fear, to become the Bridge of Chug-Chug, so brusque and unfeeling is progress.

MR. HOLMES of Cottonleak fame might have claimed with some show of logic that you cannot punish the individual in a department any more than you can the individual in a corporation. That would have held the Big Stick for a brief period of moments.

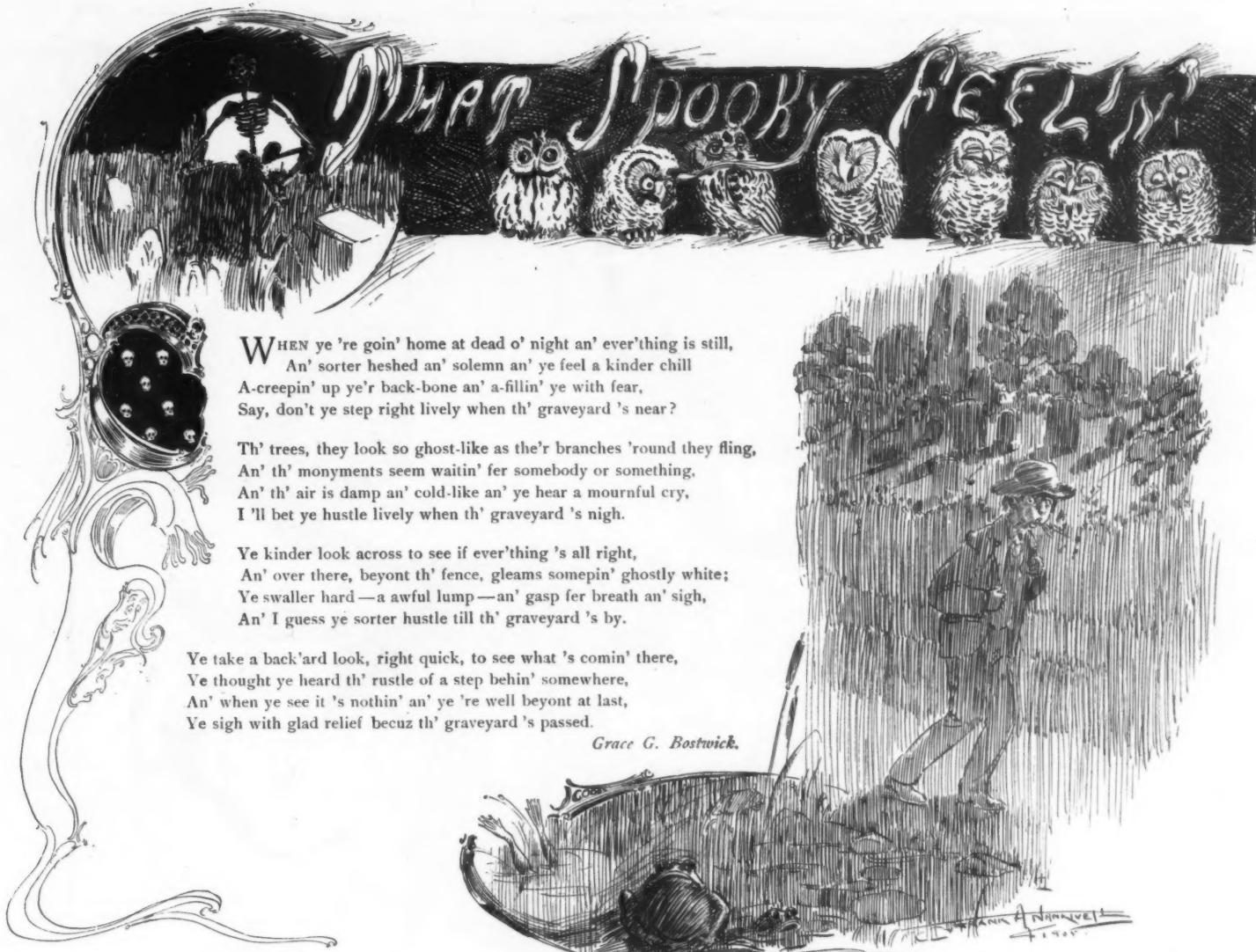
"IN THE East," said Mr. Jerome to his Kansas audience, "we must be conservative." Yet there are those—the Hon. Richard Canfield, for example—who may possibly regard Mr. Jerome as a pronounced and dangerous radical.

OUT IN Montana, Heinze and Clark have formed a new political alliance. Clark wants a return ticket to the Senate and Heinze a legislature and a friendly judiciary. Always remember, gentle reader, that ours is a government of the people, by the people and for the people.



THE 1908 HANDICAP.

THE SCRATCH MAN LOOKS GOOD TO THE GRANDSTAND.



WHEN ye 're goin' home at dead o' night an' ever'thing is still,
An' sorter heshed an' solemn an' ye feel a kinder chill
A-creepin' up ye's back-bone an' a-fillin' ye with fear,
Say, don't ye step right lively when th' graveyard 's near?

Th' trees, they look so ghost-like as the'r branches 'round they fling,
An' th' monyments seem waitin' fer somebody or something.
An' th' air is damp an' cold-like an' ye hear a mournful cry,
I 'll bet ye hustle lively when th' graveyard 's nigh.

Ye kinder look across to see if ever'thing 's all right,
An' over there, beyond th' fence, gleams somepin' ghostly white;
Ye swaller hard—a awful lump—an' gasp fer breath an' sigh,
An' I guess ye sorter hustle till th' graveyard 's by.

Ye take a back'ard look, right quick, to see what 's comin' there,
Ye thought ye heard th' rustle of a step behin' somewhere,
An' when ye see it 's nothin' an' ye're well beyond at last,
Ye sigh with glad relief becuz th' graveyard 's passed.

Grace G. Bostwick.

HER REWARD.

HE HAD sat around all day at a summer-resort, waiting for some one to come along who had a strong right arm and an irresistible inclination for osculation. She now folded her sun-umbrella, and silently stole back to the hotel.

"Girls," said she, to a quartette of comrades, sitting on the piazza reading last month's magazines, and stifling yawns, "it's no use. I'm tired of doing the lonesome act. I'm going back to town, where I can get busy, even if I have to sit up at roof-gardens and, maybe, take a job as a typewriter in a broker's office."

"Don't," said the girls, in chorus. "If you sit here and wait long enough, something's bound to happen. Perseverance will bring its reward. Who knows what may happen to-morrow. To-day is only Friday."

But the beach beauty was too much agitated with her own impatience to listen to reason. In two hours and thirty minutes she had re-arranged her hair, incidentally packed her



NEW YORK'S LOSS.

MR. HORNBEAK.—By heck! A steamer burnt off Long Island yesterday!
MRS. HORNBEAK.—Mercy sakes! New York won't hardly look natural without Long Island.

duds, and was on her way back to the city. She arrived in time to attend an evening concert with a cousin, who was a clerk in the Western Union Telegraph Co.

And when Monday morning came, she received word from her friends that on her way home she had passed the entire Senior Class of the Bicep College, who had come down to spend Sunday.

MORAL: It's the late bird that gets the worm.

Tom Masson.

IN ITS FAVOR.

DIVORCE is certainly a serious evil."

"Yes, but not an unmitigated one. It furnishes an interesting topic of conversation."

MATTER FOR REGRET.

UNCLE JOSH.—They say you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

UNCLE SILAS.—No, an' it's a pity. If you could, there'd be more money in raisin' pigs.

IF 't were only conscience that made cowards of us all there would be no lack of bravery in the world.



AN OLD WOODCUT.

It takes other people's money to make money.



THE AGE OF FADS.

RURAL MERCHANT.—No, mum, I ain't got a single "all-day sucker" left. Sold the last of 'em five minutes ago. I tell ye, they're gettin' to be a reg'lar fad



Old Favorites Revised for
Comprehension by the
Children of the
Smart Set.

III.—GOLDEN HAIR AND THE
THREE BEARS.

ONCE UPON a time there were Three Bears, who lived in the timber near Lakewood, in a charming cottage built in the form of a beehive. The cottage was handsomely furnished, but I shall speak only of the chairs, the beds, and the bowls out of which the bears ate their food.

The Big Bear had a magnificent bowl of Bohemian crystal; the Middle Bear's bowl was of the costliest Vienna china; and the Wee Bear's bowl was of gold, beautifully embossed.

The Big Bear sat in a high-backed Flemish oak chair that could not have cost a cent under five hundred dollars; the Middle Bear had selected a Marie Stuart chair made from a Lebanon cedar; and the Wee Bear's was of the daintiest Chippendale.

Such beautiful beds too! The Big Bear's was a fine Empire piece; the Middle Bear slept in a bed that came from a castle of the mad King of Bavaria; the Wee Bear used a crib which once belonged to a Great Dane who took forty blue ribbons in one season.

Not far from the beehive cottage, in a Lakewood hotel, lived a little girl who belonged to one of our very best families. Her hair, of which she had a great quantity, resembled spun gold, and for that reason the people in her set called her Golden Hair.

One day when she was taking a mote in her dear little jeweled Mercedes she saw a golden butterfly, the symbol of her set, fluttering along the road. Bidding the chauffeur stay a little while, she tried to catch the butterfly, which she thought would look very pretty pinned in her hair. The butterfly made off among the trees, with Golden Hair in pursuit, and so eager was the dear child to capture and stick a pin in it that she wandered a long way from the road. Presently she happened on the beehive cottage, and forgot all about the butterfly.

Who could live in that interesting house? Etiquette forbade a call without a formal introduction, and besides her calling cards were in the auto. She walked around the cottage, and peeped in the windows, until curiosity got the better of her social training, and she rapped at the door, there being no bell.

Nobody seemed to be at home, not even the butler; so Golden Hair (she was only a little girl, you know) opened the door and went in.

The first objects that greeted the child's eyes were three bowls of green-turtle soup. She tasted that in the big bowl of Bohemian crystal, but there

was not enough sherry in it. Then she sampled the Middle Bear's soup, but the pieces of turtle were too large. And then she tried the Wee Bear's, which was just right, and she ate it all up.

"What a fine chair!" said Golden Hair, sitting in the high-backed Flemish, but it did n't fit her the least bit. She tried the Marie Stuart chair, but that was too comfortable. Then she plumped down on the Chippendale, and so hard that she broke it.

Then Golden Hair went upstairs where the Three Bears slept. And first she lay down in the Empire bed, but she did not fancy it, as there was no mirror overhead to admire one's self in. Next she tested the Middle Bear's bed, but the figured counterpane did not match her complexion. And then she curled up in the Wee Bear's crib, which was so comfortable that before she knew it she fell fast asleep.

Pretty soon the Three Bears, who had stepped out for a stroll while their soup cooled, returned to eat it, and were very much disturbed when they found the spoons standing in the bowls, especially the Wee Bear, who had got to be extremely fond of green-turtle soup, preferring it to bird's-nest soup, which is even more expensive. The bears were also put out when they discovered that their chairs had been moved about and one of them broken. And what was their vexation when they found their beds all rumpled and Golden Hair lying asleep in one of them.

The Wee Bear was for eating her up, but the Big Bear said: "Stop a bit. I think she belongs to the Smart Set."

Their conversation awakened Golden Hair, and she was very much alarmed. She had never seen more than one bear, and that one had danced with Harry Lehr one night at the Newport Casino.

"To whom," inquired the Big Bear, with a courteous bow, "are we indebted for this pleasant visit?"

Golden Hair told him her name and mentioned what her father was worth, and it turned out that the Big Bear was the identical bear that had danced at the Newport Casino.

The Three Bears, who had become the greatest snobs in the world since their season at Newport, made themselves very agreeable to Golden Hair when they learned who she was and how much her father was worth, and begged permission to return her call.

Is n't this the nicest bear story, children, that ever you heard?

R. L. T.

H AND P.

IN THE beginning Health and Pleasure went hand in hand, and, left to themselves, would perhaps have got on well together until the ending of time. But, unfortunately, each was largely attended, and their attendants were forever falling out and wrangling most grievously.

In particular, Temperance, of the entourage of Health, and Indulgence, of the company of Pleasure, were at sword's point from morn till night and from night till morn. So Health and Pleasure took different roads, as a measure of peace, but otherwise to the advantage of neither. Health, henceforth, was a sour old ascetic, smelling of drugs, while Pleasure was a blear-eyed wanton, whom nobody ever spoke to without kicking himself for it ever after.

EXCEPTIONS TO ALL RULES.

"IT 's so hard for a man to find work after he 's been in jail."
"Unless he 's a chauffeur."

Even the old-fashioned girl draws the line at old-fashioned clothes.



F. RICHARDSON

PUCK

SUMMER SOCIETY SQUIBS.

(From the *Billeville Bazoo*.)

MONDAY.—Miss Clementina Coole, of Benson's Bend, will visit Miss Anabella Ames, of Main Street, near the Post Office, on Wednesday.

TUESDAY.—Miss Clementina Coole, of Benson's Bend, will be in Billeville to-morrow. She will be the guest of Miss Anabella Ames of Main Street.

WEDNESDAY.—Miss Clementina Coole, of Benson's Bend, will arrive in Billeville to-day on the 9:34 train. She will visit Miss Anabella Ames, of Main Street, near the Post Office.

THURSDAY.—Miss Clementina Coole, of Benson's Bend, spent yesterday in Billeville as the guest of Miss Anabella Ames, of Main Street.

FRIDAY.—Miss Clementina Coole, of Benson's Bend, who is the guest of Miss Anabella Ames, of Main Street, will return to her home to-day.

SATURDAY.—Miss Clementina Coole, who has been visiting Miss Anabella Ames, of this town, returned to her home in Benson's Bend yesterday.

HIGH.

THE editor wires his Washington correspondent:

“Who gave you the information?”

The correspondent wires back:

“Paid attaché of embassy \$1,000 for it.”

“And the paper, printing the yarn next morning, is careful to speak of its authority, not as very good, but as very high.”

NEEDLESS.

THE Good Fairy called her assistant and showed her a golden box.

“Take this box,” she said, “and lock it carefully in the safe. It contains good advice.”

“My mistress,” replied the assistant, “why should we lock up good advice? No one will ever take it.”

MAIDENLY CONFIDENCES.

“**W**HAT if you were to find a strange man in your room?”

“Mercy! Of course I should sink through the floor.”

“But what if the flat below were occupied by a bachelor?”

DISMAL INFLUENCE.

GERTRUDE.—Papa, you are so rich that I shall never marry.

PAPA.—Why, daughter?

GERTRUDE.—Oh—your money will make the wrong man propose to me, and the right men afraid to.



BETWEEN FRIENDS.

EDITH.—Papa gave me this watch on my eighteenth birthday!

ETHEL.—Does it still keep time, dear?

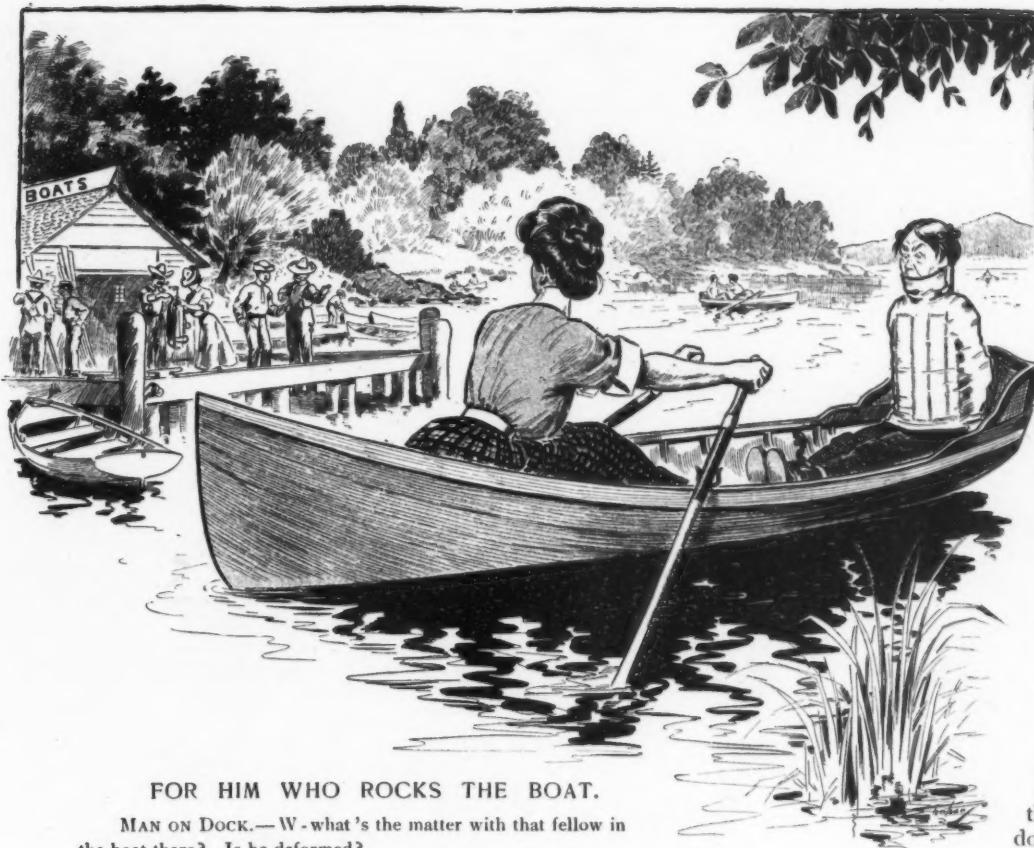
A CLOUD FANCY.

I SEE yon airy cloud wind built and bright
Drifting across the distant purple hill
And thence way out to seas of perfect blue,
Where, like a galleon with empty sails,
It lingers lazily becalmed at rest
Against the far horizon's banks of haze,
Where gray gulls skim and indolently swirl.
To me it in a little while suggests,
With all its high puffed fantasies of snow
And lilac indentations zephyr-spun,
The picture of that very happy man
Who in the finely illustrated “ad”
Displays his face so richly filagreed
And arabesqued, bizarre and rococo,
With that rare compound which is widely known
As Slumpsky's antiseptic shaving soap.

R. K. Munkittrick.



SUGGESTED TO CHICAGO
CITY DELIVERY SERVICE WHEN NEXT THE TEAMSTERS STRIKE.



FOR HIM WHO ROCKS THE BOAT.

MAN ON DOCK.—W-what's the matter with that fellow in the boat there? Is he deformed?

BOAT HOUSE PROPRIETOR.—Nope; the young lady has just fitted him with our patent Fool Jacket, that's all. The boats here are all provided with 'em.

"DOWN IN MUSIC ROW."



HE Screechowl Sisters have added the beautiful ballad, "There's an Inglenook Within My Heart for Thee," to their refined singing act.

Caroline Yowl, the female basso profundo, is making a tremendously big hit with her new song, "When Peary Ties Old Glory to the Pole."

Muriel Caterwaul writes her publisher that "Take Me Down to Coney Isle" is a sure-fire hit. Last week she played Tamarack, Canada, and scored a knock-out.

Calliope P. Yawp is creating a sensation with Charles K. Harris' heart-rending ballad, "And Unto Him These Words She Then Did Say." He writes: "I just love to try it."

Veronica Squawk's new auto song, "Chugging With the Lass You Love" is burning up the gasoline circuit. She is highly pleased with the success and responds to many encores at each performance.

Jimmie Bray, the Human Mule, is featuring "I'll Not Desert My Mother, Although I'm Rich and Grand." He writes his publisher: "It stirs the heartstrings. The best song I ever sung."

B. L. T.

THE GENERAL IMPRESSION.

"PA, what is a miser?"

"A miser, my son, is a man who won't lend you his money without good security."

No woman who can think up new excuses for eating, and has the wherewithal to furnish the food, need ever despair of being socially prominent.

"THE ABUNDANT LIFE."

THE hired girl having flitted, with the suddenness characteristic of the breed, Mrs. Dimlow rose early to get the week's wash ready for the colored *blanchisseuse*, who was an hour late and probably would n't show up at all. Mr. Dimlow, in trying to improve on the kitchen fire, had put it out, and his faithful wife made a new one. The kitchen was flooded, because the pan under the refrigerator had not been emptied. The juvenile Dimlow was calling above stairs for some one to button her waist. The cat, the dog, and Mr. Dimlow were wondering, each in his own way, what the prospect was for negotiating a breakfast. A man rapped at the back door and tried to demonstrate a set of aluminum dishes; he got the busy signal. Mr. Dimlow, who was not from Missouri, had to be shown how to set the table. The coffee boiled over; Mr. Dimlow forgot the eggs, and they cooked solid. The—

Quiet reigned again. Mr. Dimlow had departed for the office; the juvenile Dimlow was abroad. The house was swept and set to rights, and the dishes washed. Mrs. Dimlow sat down to breathe a spell and took up a newspaper. The first paragraph her eye

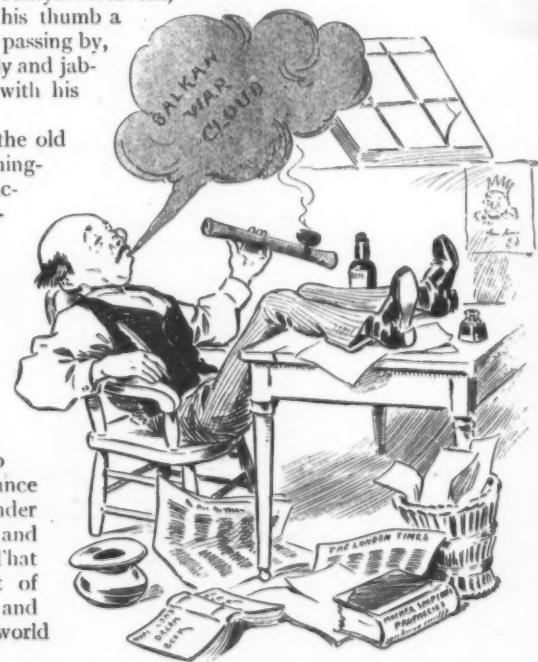
lighted on contained a chunk of advice from the President of the University of California. "Live the abundant life," he said. Mrs. Dimlow smiled—a weary, patient smile.

RUBBING IT IN.

UNCLE LAZZENBERRY is as touchy as a carbuncle just now," said the landlord of the Pruntytown tavern, indicating with a jerk of his thumb a venerable citizen who was passing by, wagging his head ominously and jabbing the ground viciously with his staff.

"What is wrong with the old man?" inquired the washing-machine agent, who was acquainted with nearly everybody in the village.

"Well, you know, Uncle Lazzenberry prides himself on being the most public-spirited man here; and so at Town Meeting last evening he came out uncompromisingly for good roads. Then what did old Timrod Tarpy, who is always looking for a chance to prod somebody in a tender spot, do but rise right up and declare for *better* roads! That took the wind clear out of Uncle Lazzenberry's sails and left him with nothing in the world to argue about."



THE FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT.

FIRST HEIRESS.—Well, all the world's a stage.

SECOND HEIRESS.—Yes; and, do you know, I think I should like to have a title rôle.

"It is the privilege of American correspondents to discuss the critical features of the situation with greater freedom than would be wise in the press of the countries directly concerned, and yet there is much in the knowledge which has come to the writer in Paris early in the week and since in London which in the interest of peace must be withheld."

THE MAIN OBSTRUCTION AT PANAMA.

GENTLEMAN IN BACKGROUND.—Sam, here's an engineering problem for you. If it'll take ten years to cut through Culebra, how many years will it take to cut through me?





PUCK

PUCK



BEAUTY.

"Your auto never goes far without breaking down, does it?"

"No, that's the beauty of it. It's so easy dragging it back home, you know."

—
200.

CINCINNATI.—The Giants, on their arrival here, were met at the depot by a battalion of the Ohio National Guard and a howitzer battery. They were escorted to their hotel and ate dinner in a special dining room, the windows of which had previously been covered by a stout wire mesh. Deputy Sheriffs, specially sworn in, guarded the entrances and patrolled the corridors while they ate. A trusted employee of the club, stationed in the butler's pantry, served in the capacity of food taster to the team.

The players were taken to the base ball park in a high speed airship and deposited, fully uniformed, in the center of the diamond. A few bricks were thrown, but the airship easily beat them out. The team left for St. Louis in a sealed refrigerator car.

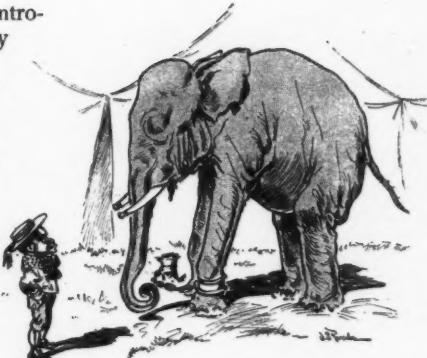
ST. LOUIS.—The baffled rage of the mob at their failure to mutilate the New York base ball team here yesterday was terrible to behold. Armed with all manner of missiles, they were prepared to give the Giants their usual St. Louis reception, but it was not till the visitors were actually upon the field and practicing prior to the game that the crowd comprehended how badly they were duped. The New Yorks, each in a brick-proof sweater, came to the grounds through a pneumatic tube, a pipe line having its exit in the club's dressing room. Several innovations in base-ball make-up were noted during the series. Dan McGann, the first baseman, who is always a hot favorite at St. Louis, wore a complete suit of chain armor, and in addition, a chest-protector on his back. Each of the New York outfields, who from the nature of their positions were separated from their comrades, wore a formidable-looking cartridge belt and a brace of army revolvers. No one was injured, however, during the series, save Matthewson, who absent-mindedly strolled half a block from the hotel, unattended by his Pinkerton.

CHICAGO.—The New York Giants, who concluded their West-

THEIR NEXT TRIP. DEDICATED TO THE NEW YORK BASE BALL TEAM.

PITTSBURG.—The series between the Pirates and the New York Giants last week is believed to have been entirely free from fatal mishap. Although several of the visitors are still in the hospital, there is every reason to hope for their speedy recovery, and on leaving for Cincinnati, Manager McGraw declared he was highly elated over the team's good fortune. The Giants rode to and from the ball grounds in a van of triple armor-plate which had been first submitted to the severest possible test. The test proved a true one, as the sides of the van withstood with scarcely a dent the fiercest broadside of bricks and bottles that the enemy on the curb were able to hurl. Manager McGraw, Pitcher McGinnity and Shortstop Dahlen were stunned on one occasion by a terrific concussion, but all three, on arriving at the grounds, were able to dash unaided between the two solid lines of Coal and Iron Police, which there afforded protection.

ern trip here this week, introduced a novelty in the way of transportation. They were loaded into U. S. Mail wagons on their arrival from St. Louis, and thus made unmolested the trip to their hotel. Their journey to the base-ball park, usually attended by a series of riots, was this week made in bat-bags, two players to a bag, without loss of life. All the bags but one, Manager McGraw saw clasped securely and shipped as express matter, and that done, in the last bag he himself departed. The New Yorks were delivered at the business office of the Chicago club without exciting suspicion and removed in the same manner, but the discovery of the ruse by the populace on the last day led the Giants to leave for New York by way of St. Paul and Milwaukee. It is understood that the management is dickering for one of the armored trains used by Great Britain in the Boer War.



DE ELEPHANT'S TAILS.

Two tails has de Elephant, I declar',
One on his nose en de udder — back dar.
He's behime side befo' wharever he goes,
Fer de tail dat's de bigges' he wears on
his nose!

THE AGE OF RESISTANCE.

"THEY also serve who only stand and wait,"—
Once forceful, now is slightly out of date;
These strenuous days demand a livelier trick —
They also serve who only stand and kick.



ALL IN A BUNCH.

BURGLAR.—Let's go to de shore an' rob de guests at some summer hotel.

HIS PAL.—Aw, what's de use? Let's wait till September an' rob de proprietor.

Personal contact with the alleged "humble opinion" is apt to show that it is quite stuck on itself.

PUCK

BLACKBERRY JINGLES.



UT on de hillside all day long,
Pickin', pickin', pickin';
Pick dem beh-hies, sing mah song,
Doan min' de briahe stickin'.
Pickin' in de cool ob de early mawn,
Pickin' in de noon-time steamin';
Still a-pickin' when de sun hab gon'
En de fus' white stahs am gleamin'.

Sech a life de pickeh leads,
His wuk ain't nebbuh shoh, sah;
He scratch his shins with thohns and weeds
En gits two cents a quaht, sah.

But deh 's no time foh lonesomeness
Out heah in de beh-hy patches;
Ah step right in de ol' snake's nes'
Befo' de li'l snake hatches.
Ah staht to run as she hiss at me
Den trip mah foot en stumble;
En down et de foot of a sassafras tree
In a hornet's nes' Ah tumble.

Pail upset en de beh-hies spill,
De ol' sun seem a-grinnin';
Ah swah, but Ah know de good Lawd will
Excuse me foh mah sinnin'.

Oh, cum along, sweet Lucy Lee,
Ah heah yo' voice a ringin';
Cum help en fill dis pail wid me
En join in de singin'.
Pick en sing till de close ob day,
While twilight mis's am fallin';
"Hoot, hoot, hoot," de ol' owl say,
De whippo'will am callin'.

De red moon peep up in de sky,
En Lucy laff so meh-hy;
Ah ask her foh a kiss, en why?
Bekase she's mah blac'beh-hy.

Victor A. Hermann.

HOW TO MAKE A MOUNTAIN RESORT.

SLECT ANY old mountain in whose bosom nestles a lonely lake and a pine grove, not yet touched by the hand of the Christmas tree expert, and where the view is so fine that you can stand in the music pavilion and with the aid of a telescope look down in the valley beneath and see the kind faced cows whose vintage your guests will never taste.

Go to the nearest saw-mill and order enough invalid boards to shelter five hundred of the oldest families, and with the aid of an amateur plumber, run a pipe line to the nearest spring, so that after a rain all the guests can take a bath.

The next thing to do is to build a corduroy road to the nearest station, and if your road is properly constructed, you can dispense with horses to draw your stages, using instead Rocky Mountain goats who will live on the tin cans that surround your fresh vegetables, thus economizing all your waste products.

Then get a large photograph of any good European palace, have it surrounded with spruce trees, and put it into your circular with the name of your hotel underneath.

Go to a vaudeville agency and secure the services of two or three actors to be guides. They are cheaper than the real thing. Order for your lake two dozen fifty-cent boats, charging for them at the rate of one dollar an hour.

If you cannot secure the President to spend a few days with you, take any member of the Cabinet. Hire a few deer heads for the season to hang in the office. Also a few stuffed trout for the same purpose.

When you have duly advertised in all the papers, and your hotel



FEAR.

FARMER JONAS.—Is your hoss afraid of autos?

FARMER HECKBIN.—Wal, yes—he's had th' job of hauling 'em to town so durned often when they break that he fairly shudders when he sees one a comin'!

is running with a full set of paying guests, do not linger among them. Instead, leave it in charge of some responsible robber, and save your own life by escaping to town, where you can live on your hard-earned wealth and at the same time enjoy all the comforts of home.

Tom Masson.

WASTED HIS OPPORTUNITIES.

HE.—He vos frighdfully extrafagant!

SHE.—So?

HE.—Awful! Ven a man owes fefty t'ousand dollars, you would expegt dot he would haf saved a good deal of der money, but he hasn't vun cendt.

UNGRATEFUL.

I caught a big mosquito back twenty years or so;
I carved the date upon his shell and then I let him go.
Last night he came to see me, while I was sleeping here
And, in his base ingratitude, he bit me on the ear.

NATURE'S HEART.

"Is it lively out here?"

"Sure; the old residents won't associate with the summer-cottagers; the cottagers detest the campers; the campers loathe the excursionists."

"And the excursionists?"

"They hate each other."

HEAT.

"WAS IT hot out there?"

"Hot? The cuckoo stayed in the clock and cuckooed."

HIS STRONG POINT.

GRABBEINSTEIN.—Klawheimer's fad—vat iss it?

COHENSTEIN.—Coin collecting.



HEADQUARTERS ITEM.

The Buzzville Police, after a week of diligent sleuthing, last night captured a notorious firebug.

Harrison Carr



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WILSON WHISKEY

THAT'S ALL!

NOT A CONSISTENT YEARNER.

"Bliggins says that he yearns to be a barefoot boy again."

"So do I," said Mr. Dustin Stax. "But only for a minute, so that I could enjoy the satisfaction of writing a check for all the shoes I wanted."—*Washington Star*.

HER EARLY TRAINING.

"That new second girl has been a soubrette at some stage of her career," remarked Mrs. Keene.

"What makes you think so?" said her husband.

"I judge so from the way she dusts; she never touches anything but the high places."—*Detroit Free Press*.

THE HISTORY OF IT.

"De nigger warn't set free on de Fo'th July, wuz he?"

"No; dat's de day de white man wuz set free; en he felt so good over it he beat de drums en de nigger!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

HIGH FINANCE.

"Father," said the small boy, "what is high finance?"

"My son," was the reply, "it is the kind that comes high for the people who actually provide the funds."—*Washington Star*.

THERE is a good deal of talk to-day about a poor singer in one of the church choirs. It must be dull when poor singing in a choir attracts attention.—*Atchison Globe*.

THE man who does not fear failure seldom has to face it.—*Ram's Horn*.

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DISINTERESTED.

LANDLADY (coldly).—Doctors say the less one eats the longer one lives, Mr. Slopay.

MR. SLOPAY (with his mouth full).—Yes; but I'm sick of living in boarding houses, anyway!

NOT A CASH BASIS.

WIFE.—Mrs. Splurgit says she is very particular always to pay her calls on time.

HUSBAND.—Well, she's consistent, anyway; the Splurgits pay everything "on time."—*Detroit Free Press*.

HARD TO DOWN.

"When you see a quarrel among prominent men," said one cynic, "there is generally a dollar at the bottom of it."

"The dollar may be at the bottom to start with," replied the other, "but it usually comes out on top at the finish."—*Washington Star*.

BEHAVE yourself. The state penitentiary is so crowded that convicts have to sleep in the corridors on cots.—*Atchison Globe*.

The day after, you need Abbott's Angostura Bitters. Braces the nerves; sustains you throughout the day, and makes you feel bright and cheerful. At druggists.

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Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns. & &

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Voluminous medical testimony mailed. For sale by the general drug and mineral water trade.

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PROOF.

"Hello, old chap. I see you have n't been on your vacation yet."

"How can you tell that?"

"You don't look as if you needed one."

If you need a bracer in the morning try a glass of soda and a little of Abbott's Angostura Bitters. You'll be surprised how it will brighten you up.



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ADVICE.

"He insists on holding my hand," said Maude. "What would you advise me to do?"

"Write to the heart-to-heart department of the *Lady's Magazine*. It will be at least six weeks before you get an answer."—*Washington Star*.

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This "historical" account of certain of the adventures of Huevos Pasa Par Agua, Marquis of Pollio Grille, and Count of Pate de Foie Gras, is a clever and amusing burlesque on the novel of histrio-adventure. We consider it strange that it has not been done before, but it is certainly well done now.

—Detroit Free Press.

"Monsieur D'En Brochette," is a capital travesty of the romances of the sword by American imitators of Alexandre Dumas which have been so numerous and popular in the last few years. The satire is keen and even the victims cannot fail to admire the skill with which the sharp thrusts are given.

—The Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The adventures which Robert Gaston de Launay Alphonse, Marquis of Pollio Grille, Count of Pate de Foie Gras, and Much Else Besides, succeeds in crowding into the short space of forty-eight hours are astounding.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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HIS REASON.

"Why do you pay rent instead of owning your home?"

"So that I can make a landlord stand the expense of improvements that I would n't think I could afford."

—Washington Star.

The well known SPARKLETS C° in PARIS which had such an enormous success with its "Sparklets" for preparing instantaneously Soda Water and all other sparkling drinks, replying to a great public want has just placed upon the market



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NOT GOOD READING.

"Have you ever looked up your ancestors?" asked the antique enthusiast.

"Well," replied his indifferent friend, with a twinkle, "I've skimmed them over—yes. After getting that far, I found I didn't really care to go into detail."—Detroit Free Press.

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HIS IDEA OF PARADISE.

Of that great train load of watermelons which left Georgia the other day, an old darkey said:

"Lawd! Ef I wuz only on dat train, en it got wrecked in a wilderness, an I wuz de only survivor—my, my! Paradise come down!"—Atlanta Constitution.

NO USE.

The bonds of poverty he cut;
His fortune hourly grew.
He got a million dollars. But
He got dyspepsia, too.

—Washington Star.

OH, say, where is the graduate
Who raised his voice aloud
And tall Alps crossed? Pray,
is he lost
Already in the crowd?
—Chicago Daily News.

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"GENIUS," he said, "should never be hampered with the cares of a family."

"Mistake," said the married man, "in this extravagant age it takes a genius to keep a family going."—Atlanta Constitution.

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"Since woman 's the weaker vessel,"
Quoth she, "I 'll choose the part,
In storm and stress, of prudence,"
Then she jettisoned her heart.

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

A MAN can't take his money with him when he dies, but that won't make him throw it away.—Atchison Globe.

WHERE THE PUNISHMENT FAILS.

TOMMY.—Say, father, where does the Mackenzie River rise, and into what body of water does it empty?

FATHER.—To speak frankly, my son, I'm afraid I don't know.

TOMMY.—Don't know, eh? That's easy for you to say, but to-morrow the teacher is going to lick me on account of your ignorance.—*Washington Life*.

A CHEERLESS PREDICTION.

"Do you think that our country will ever succeed in getting rid of grafters?"

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "There will be a time when grafters are unheard of. But it will be due to the change that is constantly going on in our vocabulary. There will be a new word that means the same thing."—*Washington Star*.

LOVE never takes a holiday. He's always busy weeding the thorns from the rose gardens of life.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

WE have all said it many, many times, but seriously did anybody ever see a worm turn on its tormentor?—*Somerville Journal*.



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EVIDENTLY "enough" was omitted from the Czar's lexicon.—*Detroit Free Press*.

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THE BIRD.—Don't you feel the heat terribly these days?

THE BEAST.—Oh, yes! but when I do, I think how much cooler I find things than the end-seat hog does.

HOW SATAN WORKED IT.

Satan tell de Lightnin'

He'll run him fer a race,
De Lightnin', he make answer:

"Des name yo' time en place!"

En what you reckon happen?

Ole Satan made de trip,—
Straddle a great big cloud, en use

De Lightnin' fer a whip!

—*Atlanta Constitution*.

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Pears' Soap is made in a clean, sun-flooded factory; then stored a full year in a dry, airy place, before coming to you.

Is it such a wonder it lasts so long?

Established in 1789.

How It Is.

"That new author is in Europe?"

"Oh, yes."

"Coming home next fall?"

"Not much! It'll take a whole year in England for him to get a reputation in America."—*Atlanta Constitution*.



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SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

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Though the creations are de Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality.—*Detroit Free Press*.

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Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile.—*N. P. & S. Bulletin*.

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